ADRIAN FORTESCUE

5V

John Chawell Sprott

10. 12. 42.

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/adrianfortescuem0000john

ADRIAN FORTESCUE

FORTE
DUCUM
SCUTUM SALUS

ADRIAN FORTESCUE

A MEMOIR

by

JOHN G. VANCE

&

J. W. FORTESCUE

LONDON

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE LTD

1924

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFATORY NOTE

The idea of this little memoir grew almost imperceptibly out of the smallest beginnings. People were generously appreciative of a notice in one of the papers and asked for a short life. For such a work I felt myself wholly unfitted and incompetent. I therefore offered to write some little account of Adrian Fortescue as he was seen, known, and appreciated, by a friend who happened to be a psychologist. My one hope is that without a word of offence it may give some joy to Adrian's friends and help to preserve the memory of his person. For the rest I have tried to be ever mindful of his known reticences and susceptibilities.

By good fortune Mr John Fortescue offers his own short memoir of Adrian with my own. This has greatly encouraged me to produce this small volume.

For a thing so slight it may seem strange to offer the author's acknowledgements and thanks. These must, however, be conveyed to the many friends, too numerous to recall by name, who have kindly placed correspondence, books, notes and drawings of Adrian's at my disposal. I should like particularly to thank Mrs Spooner for contributing her portrait of A. F. used for the frontispiece; Mr F. L. Griggs, A.R.A. for permission to use his drawing of the high altar at the Church of St Hugh and Mr Stanley Morison for advice concerning the selection of type, and reproduction of the illustrations. It is a pleasure also to thank my friend Canon Myers, the President of St Edmund's, and two of my colleagues, Dr Herbert and Dr Smith,

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

for giving me their valued opinion of the manuscript. Lastly, whatever there may be of good in this brief sketch owes not a little to the discerning judgement of Mrs John Fortescue, with whom it has been a refreshment to talk over everything that I intended to write.

JOHN G. VANCE

ST EDMUND'S, OLD HALL
February 4, 1924

CONTENTS

§ 1. Adrian Fortescue, the *man* . . . . . *page* 1

§ 2. the *writer* 12

§ 3. the *speaker* 14

§ 4. the *scholar* 18

§ 5. the *raconteur* 23

§ 6. the *priest* 27

§ 7. the *friend* 31

by Dr J. G. Vance

§ 8. A Personal Memoir 35

by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue

Appendix I. Some Biographical dates and facts . . 49

Appendix II. Adrian Fortescue's literary work . . 61

ILLUSTRATIONS

Portrait of ADRIAN FORTESCUE, by M. D. Spooner *frontispiece*

A portrait (from a photograph) . . . *facing page* 1

The altar of the church of St Hugh, Letchworth (from a drawing by F. L. Griggs, A.R.A.). „ 6

Titles for notes in A. F.'s interleaved copy of Dante, *De Monarchia* . . . . . „ 10

Analysis of Boethius, *De Consolatione Philosophiae* in one of A. F.'s note-books . *between pages* 16 & 17

A Prayer in Time of War composed by a kinsman, written and illuminated by A. F. . *facing page* 26

A Book-plate designed for the Revd. Dr Vance „ 32

A Book-plate designed for the Hon. Mrs John Fortescue . . . . . „ 36

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

ADRIAN FORTESCUE

A MEMOIR

This Memoir has been prepared by

The Revd. JOHN G. VANCE, M.A., D.Ph., etc.
Vice-President of St Edmund's College, Old Hall

Author of
Reality & Truth

and

The Hon. JOHN W. FORTESCUE, LL.D.

Author of
The Story of a Red Deer
A History of the British Army
My Native Devon

ADRIAN FORTESCUE

A MEMOIR

§ 1

THE MAN

TO know a man at all one must be aware of his feelings, their intensity and their balance with the other events of his inner life. Now in Adrian Fortescue feeling ran deeper than all else—feelings, moreover, in all their upheavals, their unsteadiness, their relaxations and tensions, and all their vital pleasure-pain colouring. That he could feel pain of mind acutely was often shown strikingly by the sudden changes of his features. To hear of an act of injustice, of the abuse of power, of the oppression of the weak, of any act of meanness or cunning would arouse disgust, and at the same time a feeling of pain that would possess his whole being. He could do nothing by halves, and his feelings, like all else in his life, were marked with a decided fullness and intensity. When moved he would fling restraint of expression to the winds, and give his whole-hearted sympathy to one who had felt the sting of some wrong. In the presence of such a wrong no enemy could be more uncompromising, no friend more consoling than Adrian.

With feelings so intense and often so overwhelming, it is little wonder that he was extraordinarily sensitive. He would criticise gaily in all his boyish frankness but feel wounded beyond ordinary measure by criticism. A word of reproach never failed to turn his thoughts to greyness, if not to blackness, and then to upset the delicate internal balance of his hypersensitive soul. Had he been unjust or harsh in word or act—it was more likely to be in word—he would go over the ground again and again, pursuing a

strange circus of ideas. He did not wish to justify himself —he was far too downright and candid—but to estimate his fault precisely, to feel its bitterness, and to make amends. Those who heard Adrian ask pardon for some little wrong done will never forget the child-like fullness of the apology. Nor did he ever dream that he added many cubits to his stature by these little acts of regret.

Round about the focus of intense feeling and extreme sensitiveness one may almost reconstruct the inward man. Indeed from these facts in a greater or less degree flow enormous consequences in the lives of us all. But we need not anticipate.

Like all deeply sensitive minds Adrian was bound to lead a lonely existence; for there is something in extreme sensitiveness that necessarily turns our minds inwards. It will not allow us to find, like thought, desire and the deeper feelings, its counterpart in others. It is therefore flung back violently upon itself. The life of such a man with its awful moments of gloom, its exultations, its storms in which all the land-marks of everyday life disappear in the blinding mist, must obviously pass unknown and unsuspected by the mass of men. Above all they will never know the agonies of apprehension that a mind like Adrian's can endure, as a dread army of fears marches along unopposed, indeed unchallenged. With eyes strained outward they reck little of those strange inner eddies and currents to which no psychologist and no poet has ever given a name. Happier they, it may be!

A few instances may help to point our reflections.

Were Adrian's eyes tired and strained after long hours of work? In imagination he was already blinded, unable to read or write, led about even, an object of pity. To be blind would be—may we say 'was' and not 'would be' for a nature of this keenness both of imagination and feeling —terrible: but to be an object of pity was abhorrent. Was he suffering from some passing indisposition? It would be

magnified into some recurring complaint which would finally claim him a victim. Not that he was morbid. Any man or woman of vivid temperament, of artistic instincts and sensitive mind will necessarily endure moments of almost insufferable apprehension. It is not fear in any ordinary sense. It argues no lack of moral courage, nor even of physical daring. It is not subject to the control of mind or will. It is the running down of a tightly-wound spring, the snap after the tension, the sagging of all the highly-strung fibres. It is part of the awful price that artists pay for their delights in vision of Beauty.

In some of his moods Adrian required no consolation: he simply buried himself deep in his fear. When once a friend on calling found him in bed with 'malaria'—'caught in the East: the thing will finally kill me'—he discovered that Adrian had no fever. Further observation led to the simple diagnosis of a bilious attack. Then Adrian shot up in bed—'You mean to tell me in my own house that I have been over-eating myself!'—and then with almost a childlike grief, half in jest and more than half in earnest, added abruptly, 'You are a cad.'

When he heard his death-knell sounded by an eminent surgeon Adrian stepped into the street. Too dazed to feel the terror that a lesser stroke might have evoked, he wandered about idly. 'A week ago,' he wrote, 'as far as I knew, I was in perfect health. I came out of Sir Charles' house after about a quarter of an hour's examination. I wandered down Harley Street and Wimpole Street in the grey light under drizzling rain, into Oxford Street among crowds of people buying Christmas presents, and all the time I was hearing loud the splash of the ferryman's oars.' Little by little he regained his calm, and faced Death. 'I think it silly to make a fuss about so inevitable a thing as death; nor do I want now to work up an emotional crisis....I am spending these last days making my will, arranging things for my successor, sorting papers. I think

I have already got over the pang of parting with work half done, and the too many interests I had in life....'

Underneath these words of apparent calm, we feel a resignation of mind which has been achieved with great difficulty and much anguish. To our knowledge he faced death thrice. Once confusedly in the consulting-room, and clearly enough a little later that day; once again during the midnight Mass at St Hugh; and lastly when before leaving St Hugh he stooped and kissed the altar-stone, bidding his little church a long farewell. So much we know. What he suffered during the long silent night-watches, or on waking at dawn, both before and after his operations, who shall say? Adrian Fortescue must have been familiar with the angel of Death and may have given him a wan welcome as the anguish of apprehension lapsed in his very presence. There falls a great calm over us all when our worst fears come true.

A deep, pervasive sensitiveness and such a strangely intense feeling will have many reverberations. They not only drive our minds inward; but they render us incapable of understanding and judging our fellow-men. The mass of men speak another language and their lives show an altogether different balance of thought, desire and feeling. This was eminently true of Adrian. He was not a good judge of men. A little act or word that pleased him, some genuine interest in a thing that he loved, would lead him impulsively to like a person. Often enough the impulse would afterwards lead to disillusion. Similarly, a little act or word that displeased him, some criticism of a thing that he loved, would lead him for a time to be estranged from his real friends. We may live with and love persons very different from ourselves both in temperament and character. We can only fully understand them, however, in the measure of their similarity to ourselves. And Adrian was no exception to this fundamental law of life and knowledge. If to his unusual sensitiveness is added that his mind

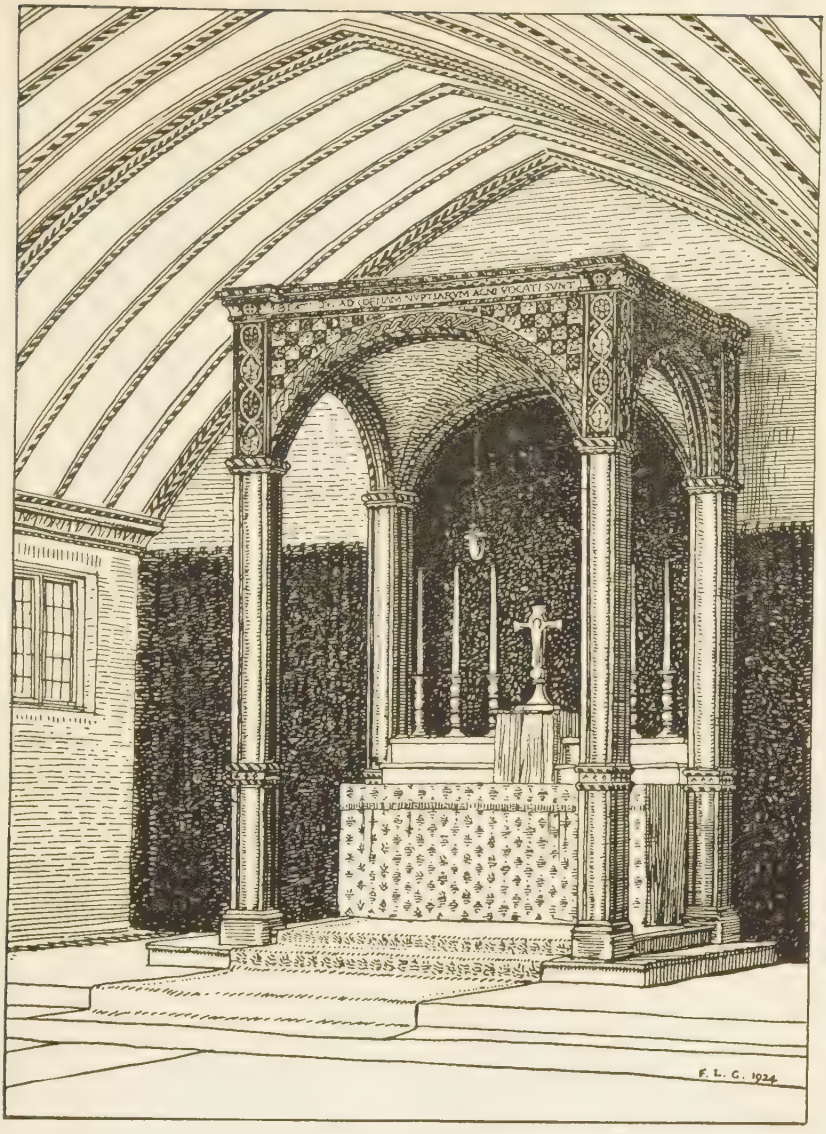
was of a rapier-like critical keenness one may imagine how often he would recoil from life and men. A false laugh, an unwilling little discourtesy, any assumption of knowledge or for that matter of anything, any instance of 'woolliness' of thought or defective reasoning, any uncouthness, affectation, hollowness of feeling, elaborateness of phrasing, any use of foreign tags or phrases, would be sufficient to induce in him a very hearty, unreasoning natural dislike. He would never do anyone any harm: he was far too good-hearted. Indeed he would often do a thoroughly good turn to those whom he disliked: his dislike, however, remained. Minds of this calibre are not made to understand their fellows except in those touches of nature that make us all akin.

But the next consequence of this hypersensitiveness is more extraordinary still. We recognise ourselves in knowing and understanding others. Real understanding of others, that is to say, is a revelation of ourselves, of them and of the world at one and the same time. Those therefore who know little of others misunderstand themselves. And this again was very true of Adrian.

If asked why he wore a special cassock with a black belt of worsted, he would reply: 'Any other is indefensible! Oh! good Lord! you wouldn't have me wear one of those preposterous things with capes.' Need we add that the 'preposterous things with capes' are worn by ninety per cent. of the secular clergy in England and English-speaking countries? Was he peculiar in this? No! everyone else was peculiar in following a 'mad' custom. So it was with everything he did. He wrote a script of singular beauty unlike that of anyone living, and addressed letters in a way wholly personal to himself. Was he peculiar? No! what he did was obvious, and the rest of men were sheep in following a curious fashion. His vestments and all else at St Hugh were beautiful but unusual. His altar with the delightful ciborium, the wood and brass candle-

sticks, the tabernacle and tabernacle key, the altar rails, the crucifix, the linen frontals with the Greek monogram, the eastern sanctuary-lamp—all were unlike anything else in England or any combination elsewhere. Not that he would admit for a moment that it was singular. It was not like the other 'horrors': that was all. Or, with his memorable twinkle and 'moue,' he would say: 'It is the only church worth looking at west of Constantinople.' His pronunciation of Latin was another peculiarity. His position was sound: the 'Italian stuff was all wrong.' Or, again, his choir and congregation sang plain-song in a way that was strictly correct and sometimes haunting in its simplicity. There was no emphasis, and the whole was as unimpassioned and impersonal—not in tone but in quantity —as a metronome. Perfect it might be; it was unlike the plain-song sung to our knowledge anywhere in Europe. In these and a hundred other instances that might be cited, Adrian would admit no peculiarity. He was true to history and in the cause of historic tradition would never mind striking an exotic, unusual note. He did not invent peculiarities as do the faddists and cranks, for he was neither. But he was daring to a degree in his devotion to historical antecedents and origins. Now a man who in doing all these things so singularly does not recognise himself as a singularity has much to learn of himself.

This, however, is but one set of instances of his defective knowledge of himself. In controversy he was crisp, dictatorial and often savagely logical, giving and expecting no quarter. He would reiterate his position with a crescendo of intensity and 'snap,' growing less and less courteous to his opponent. Did he know this? Had it been pointed out to him he might have said that he was sometimes a little direct: nothing more. In this and all else his standards of intensity were different from those of other men. What they would consider violent he thought normal. What they considered abusive he thought direct.


AD COENAM NUPTIARUM AGNI VOCATI SUNT
F. L. G. 1924

What they thought unusually generous and large-hearted he considered a mere trifle. What they thought exquisite work of a craftsman he would try to consider ordinary. What they regarded as monumental industry struck him as ordinary care. What they praised as an act of great devotedness he dismissed, in himself, as merely decent.

Thus not knowing his fellows he knew less of himself than the majority of men. He had no balances in which to weigh things: his own were too sensitive. He had no standards of comparison: his own were too lofty and too intense. He had no community of emphasis and value with the mass of men: his own were too deeply personal. He never knew that he struck quite a number of people as a spontaneous, rather violent, extremely gifted, uncertain-tempered scholar who was something of a faddist. Such a judgement is cruelly unjust. It says both too much and too little. But Adrian's picture of himself must have been even more out of focus. It is all, of course, a matter of degree. None knows much: there remains ever the vast unexplored region of the unconscious. And which of us knows much even about what transpires in consciousness? But Adrian knew strikingly little. He was not a seer, and by no means a craftsman at introspection.

. . . . . .

Adrian, ill at ease with the majority of his fellow-men, understanding little of the commanding motives of his own life, was distinctly an elusive person. He never wanted to be analysed, understood or caught in any psychological trap. It would be even a worse offence than to crown one of his stories, or to hold 'unorthodox' views like the members of the Earl-Marshal's court on heraldry. In consequence, when he sniffed psychological powder from a distant shot, he would run like a hare to cover. Little by little in screening from view the real person, this vivid, hypersensitive, restlessly-enquiring mind, he developed a mask.

He would talk about foreign parts and especially of the Near East, its languages, personnel and history; or of foreign reviews to which he contributed, or of foreign books, particularly those from Austria and Germany. He would refer to his days as secretary to the Bishop of Brixen, or to his undergraduate years at several foreign universities. He would ask questions about the most ordinary things in England, and like to appear more at home in the life and language of Austria. Thus there played in and out of his conversation his own picture of himself almost as an Austrian scholar of oriental things. Of his boyhood days at Haverstock Hill, at Bayswater, at the Catholic University founded by Cardinal Manning, or of his student days at the Scots' College, Rome, he had little or nothing to say. Rarely in conversation at St Edmund's even with a knot of very devoted and intimate friends did he ever refer to those early years, or to any parishes in the diocese that he had served except the German Church at Whitechapel. He would not know the clergy of the diocese except those of his deanery. He was indeed an unusual man, only half at home in any surroundings save a library or a group of appreciative friends. But he certainly never wished to appear usual in matters of education or travel, nor did he ever like to be assimilated to his more promising colleagues in the matter of studies. This was only one aspect—the autobiographical aspect of his elusiveness.

In addition, like most men of refined sense, he guarded his deeper feelings from view. He would scruple to show affection, afraid lest the triple barrier of defence about his innermost self might suffer a breach. While one part of him would delight in personal kindnesses—done to himself—another would be proudly resentful. He would, too, never care to show the depth of his religious feeling. That was a matter between himself and his God—a domain where none might ever pry. One might hear his splendid enthusiasm for the liturgy, for the wonders of

Holy Week, for certain prayers at Mass, for Church Music, for the early Martyrs, for St Augustine, for a thousand things that affect the Catholic Church and her history. Never in conversation and rarely in sermons do we find direct reference to the deeper things of his spirit. He never wanted anyone to discern that behind all his ramparts there burnt a fiery enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, and a reverent awe for the things of God.

So carefully did he guard this profound religious sense that he frequently tried to shock people. This greatly pleased the *enfant terrible* in him, and at the same time ministered to his desire for elusiveness. He would say the most unusual things, that might easily have sounded very blasphemous on other lips, and then develop his theme amid peals of the merriest laughter. Not one of these sallies could be suitably recorded without the surroundings and the man: they would seem too strange in unresponsive print. Probably they were often greeted in his immediate entourage by remarks that he was 'wicked' or 'shocking': that is probably all he wanted. When his friends at St Edmund's however refused to be shocked he was sometimes a little disappointed. It was almost as if they were beginning to understand him, and that would be intolerable! Their laughter was welcome as it proved that the sally was not a damp squib but he would have given much to shock them one or all. On once finding a young professor who took one of his outrageous remarks seriously, he was as happy as a sand-boy. It provided him with many a merry chuckle. 'Do you remember old X: oh! yes! I got him! He was in a stew—wasn't he?' The incident left him with a feeling of gratitude and affection for the serious young doctor. He little knew why he could not shock his friends. They had seen him say Mass and had gathered at once from his whole recollected demeanour with what reverence and awe he really stood in the presence of God. Indeed his elusiveness on this one

particular point was at an end for anyone who once saw him genuflect before the altar! In spite of these gestures and flashes that discovered the real man he strove hard to be elusive. To scan the inner fastnesses and recesses was like trying to touch the iris of the eye: the lids shut instantaneously and instinctively.

Adrian's acute sensitiveness with all its consequences had yet another result. Like many another artist of the same temperament, he was not a practical man. Politics, Commerce and Administration were to him mysterious, unpleasant fields wholly foreign to his genius and real interest in such things seemed to him uncanny. Practical life was all so strange and passed before him like a dream-world in which he was never at home. He would ask how he could change his tailor; if he must go to the new firm with treasury notes in his hand; how one set about seeing a specialist; would he insist upon cutting him up before he had time to expostulate; how a motor car managed to go and how the hooter worked. Once after looking at a hooter for a long time with awed interest, he asked persuasively for permission to 'set it off.' It made a blatant, blood-curdling noise. He recoiled as though bitten by a snake with the words 'Good Lord! It's like the Canons of St Peter's singing Terce.' He wanted to know why ducks waddled, and how chickens managed to roost, perched on one foot. This last discovery excited him enormously. His ideas of anatomy were less than elementary. Once pointing to his ribs, he asked if the 'long garden-hose arrangement below this was really any good.' Like a child in his wonder, he was child-like too in wanting a short—very short—satisfying answer. All these things were part of the great unknown world of everyday life.

With books, on the other hand, he was completely at home. These he could understand, analyse and put together again. They were to him in fact what lines, planes, points, projections are to geometers—the things that really matter.

DE MONARCHIA LIBER PRIMVS
VTRVM AD BENE ESSE MVNDI MONARCHIA
TEMPORALIS NECESSARIA SIT

DE MONARCHIA LIBER SECVNDVS
VTRVM ROMANVS POPVLVS DE IVRE SIBI
ADSCIVERIT IMPERII DIGNITATEM

DE MONARCHIA LIBER TERTIVS
VTRVM AVCTORITAS MONARCHAE ROMANI
IMMEDIATE A DEO DEPENDEAT AN AB
ALIQVO DEI VICARIO

Cap 1. Proœmium

The result is clear. He was far more at home in history than in real life; for history is studied in written documents and records, and not in the bewildering phantasmagoria of life and the real world. Each book that he read—and he was omnivorous—would somehow take its place in the history of something. Gradually in this way he drifted from any but an historical interest even in philosophy. He cared less to know why a given statement was true, or if it were true, than the fact that a certain philosopher held it. And his joy at the discovery of some fact or idea in the fields of history no man might take from him. Thus he was keenly interested in the history of Eastern religions, and of the orthodox Eastern Churches; in the history of the Breviary, the Liturgy, the Mass; in the history of the Church, of music, plain-song and architecture; in the history behind the work and thought of Dante and Boethius. To say that he was keenly interested in Boethius conveys nothing to the mind. The study, annotation, and profound appreciation of all that concerned Boethius' *De Consolatione Philosophiae* was almost a consuming passion for some three years. The interest, however, was mainly historical.

There was in all this something of the recoil of an artistic, unpractical and acutely sensitive mind from the rough and tumble of actual life. For life and the world he conserved just the enthusiasm and love of an artist. It yielded the consolation of friendship—and Adrian greatly loved and still more deeply needed the appreciation of friends—the splendour of woodland, mountain, landscape, river and ocean, and the delight of line and form in beautiful architecture.

§ 2

THE WRITER

ADRIAN'S writing—not the matter nor the style but the very script itself—was a source of great joy to anyone who ever received an untyped letter. That script shows much, even very much, to the discerning eye as we watch it develop across the years. All the first florid aspects and the earlier straggling features disappear. At the end it was a thing of extraordinary beauty, perfect in lettering, balance and size, rigid in line and rule. It shows—we are not calligraphers—a great sense of beauty and an unusually developed discipline of mind and hand, coupled with singularity of manner and intrepidity of thought and judgement. Indeed it yields much of the character that we have tried briefly to describe, with some impression too of Adrian's own charm and boyish frankness. One thing is certain. A man who wrote this hand could never stoop to anything mean or dishonourable.

We may just single out the discipline of Adrian's mind for additional comment. His was one of the most carefully drilled and disciplined minds that a man might know. The way in which he would recite a prayer, read scripture or poetry, or sing plain-song showed an iron and even angular discipline in its violent desire to suppress any personal attitude or emphasis. These and other things should be selfless, and the reader utterly self-forgetful. He expected the same discipline in others, as his controversial articles and subsequent letters often enough showed. Any personal emphasis in the selection of Christian doctrines, for instance, seemed to his acutely logical, disciplined mind something wanton and even perverse. Like every other scholar who has worked in the mines he knew that opinions were not necessarily sacred but on the contrary

often enough nonsensical. In any case their value varied directly as the truth of the facts on which they rested. Now it was in this collection of facts that Adrian showed his discipline of mind supremely well.

He would try never to force a conclusion, and in his general attitude showed commendably little of that urge of the will, the desire to prove a prejudice or prepossession which so often mars an historical enquiry. His note-books on history and on Boethius bear striking testimony to this statement. These note-books are treasures. Written in his perfect script they are divided and subdivided with all the care, not of a manuscript prepared for the press, but of those hand-written illuminated volumes of earlier days. Each fact is stated concisely and each reference is given with the greatest minuteness of care. Opinions are quoted, always with adequate references, and placed when divergent over against one another with suitable headings. The whole is a triumph of order and discipline. It contains not a word nor idea of Adrian Fortescue—so severely impersonal had he become at the height of his power in the presentation of history.

It has sometimes been suggested that he showed little originality of research, that much of what he wrote was no more than industrious compilation. Possibly it was not for him to give daring historical syntheses, nor to follow ideas in all their complexity through the centuries. Equally true is it that his work did not lead to important discoveries through original research. His systematic check of historical statement by fact is, however, marked by true scholarship. He was always unhappy until he had tracked even little rivulets back to their sources. In all this he was far removed from the attitude of a compiler. Such men record opinions, and often enough if the real fever seize them show an amazing lack of principle and consistency. None could say this of Adrian's work. It was ever a clearly-defined well-arranged whole, in which each fact

discovered, it may be, by another but checked by himself, was marshalled into its appointed place. Such discipline of mind manifests something of the conservative genius of real scholarship. The disciplined characteristic of the writing showed in his work and both reflected a mind stamped with a consuming regard for the plain impersonal truth.

§ 3

THE SPEAKER

ADRIAN FORTESCUE was a very clear and vivid public speaker. When he stood to deliver a lecture his face would assume a granite-like sternness, his eye grow distant and grave, while his lips would uncurl into a firm straight line. There was practically no gesture, and extraordinarily little movement. He stood rigid and uncompromising, his chin raised defiantly in the air. His voice, which could be beautiful in conversation, was not very attractive in his public speeches. It was sometimes rather didactic and strident and on occasion would even sound 'reedy.' The tone of voice was always definite, authoritative—Adrian always spoke on his own subjects as one having authority—sometimes a little disdainful and even arrogant. There never was an introduction, never a flourish, never a useless or consciously over-coloured epithet. Each sentence had in its ring something of the blow of a hammer on the anvil. The whole would be admirably arranged, for the orderly presentation of facts was one of his great gifts. He would trumpet forth some thesis brusquely and even defiantly, and then proceed to prove it. His adversaries might expect short shrift.

He had weighed the whole matter and as a rule could not understand the perversity of those who differed. What he rarely grasped, in spite of all his genius, was that the

facts of life are not logical but psychological; that 'values' are at least partly personal; that in the presentation of facts there may lie the insidious fallacy—why do the logicians forget it?—of emphasis. His own point of view was clear as the noon-day brightness which allows of no half-lights and no wistful prospects. Trained abroad he could never tolerate the loose 'it might be this, but on the contrary it might be that' attitude of some English professors. He was no good at 'but-on-the-other-hand'-ing. He thought it showed as a rule a definite laziness in research and a lamentable confusion of thought. For neither had he any sympathy or understanding. He could not bear to safeguard probable opinions by a screen of 'ifs,' 'buts' and 'thoughs,' or by complicated 'notwithstanding' and 'not antecedently improbable' clauses. This was all 'hedging.' He was not a dogmatist, for he was prepared to scan the foundations of anything. On the other hand he could not for long dance and offer incense to 'the ancient idol, the grand Perhaps.' He had looked up the references, disentangled the facts, collated opinions, and the result was either something tangible or not. If not, he would never lecture about it. If tangible, he would set it all out in excellent order.

His presentation of facts in lecturing was amazing in its discipline and power. His facts would advance like an army at manoeuvres, capturing position after position according to plan. He had all the devices of a great general at his finger-tips and believed strongly in adequate reinforcements. He loved to enfilade his enemies, sweeping them with fire from end to end. But what he loved above all was to fire on his enemies from front and rear at the same time until they were reduced to hopeless chaos. Sometimes as he spoke one would forget that it was only manoeuvres. There was something then of the effect of a real cavalry charge with the flash of sabres, and the muffled roar of the clattering hoofs.

In passages that excited his enthusiasm Adrian's lecturing was that of a genius. All sternness would disappear from his features, his voice lose any trace of a didactic tone, as his face portrayed fully and beautifully each feeling that his story evoked. These were the specially winning moments not to be forgotten. Little graceful gestures were now seen and his whole person would glow with enthusiasm for his subject, joy in its recital and power in its presentation.

On these occasions he was little short of a magician and no audience could fail to be spellbound. When the recital was finished, when all the facts and thoughts had been knitted together with never a loose strand, he would break off jerkily as likely as not with the words 'That is all I have to say.' The whole would leave an impression of unusual didactic power, of genius, of a clearly chiselled set of ideas, and occasionally, as the truth must be told, of eccentricity. Some of the beginnings and endings were terribly and even harshly abrupt.

The language was always adequate and sometimes ringing and beautiful, for words never failed Adrian. There was too a remarkable flexibility and homeliness in his speech, as of one who hated with a deathly loathing all professorial stilts. For beauty of expression or cadence of sentence he cared little. If they came they were welcome: if not, he would not seek them. For rhetorical modes of speech he expressed an abhorrence and with Adrian this was no pose. In all sincerity he thought it unscrupulous to trifle with words when the facts spoke for themselves. But he knew as little, or less, of himself than most of us, and often *à son insu* became a rhetorician of great power when the strength of his thought and feeling carried him out far beyond the barriers of his own conventions.

One other point about his English was noticeable. He hated the use of any foreign expressions. He could not bring himself to say or write such current trifles as 'raison

SCHEMA TOTIVS CONS. PHIL.

Sec. Semeria, cap. III (pp. 50-62)

I. Aegritudo Boethii

Liber I est exordium, quo describitur aegritudo, deteguntur 4 errores Boethii.

I. pr. 1. Adparet Philosophia, fugat Musas.
pr. 2. Philosophia tergit oculos Boethio,
pr. 3. Docet sapientes semper uexari,
pr. 4. Boethius suas narrat calamitates.
pr. 5. Philosophia disceptat de narratione; utetur primum remedio leniore.
pr. 6. Quattuor errores Boethii:
- Oblitus est sui,
- Ignorat finem rerum,
- Ignorat regimen mundi,
- Arbitratur prauos esse felices (quia ignorat finem rerum.)

Hos errores sanat totum reliquum opus.

II. Remedium lenius: Iniqua querela fortunae.

Libro II sanatur primus error (oblivio sui)
[1. Boethius non est infortunatus]

II. pr. 1. fortuna natura sua inconstans,
pr. 2. fortuna non iniusta,
pr. 3. Olim erat amica,
pr. 4. Et nunc multa reliquit bona.
Iam incipiunt Remedia paullo ualidiora:
pr. 5. Diuitiae non sunt uerum bonum,
pr. 6. Nec Dignitates et Potentia,
pr. 7. Nec Gloria et fama.
pr. 8. fortuna aduersa saepe prodest.

Idem infra, III, pr. 3-6

III. Incipiunt Remedia acriora: Vera notio felicitatis.

Libri III pr. 1-11 sanatur secundus error (ignorantia finis rerum).
[2. Boethius non infelix]

III. pr. 1. Boethius ipse nunc poscit acriora remedia,
pr. 2. Definitur Beatitudo absoluta.
pr. 3. Homines frustra beatitudinem quaerunt in rebus disiunctis.
Diuitiae beatum non faciunt,
pr. 4. Nec Dignitates,
pr. 5. Nec Potentia,
pr. 6. Nec Gloria,
pr. 7. Nec Voluptas.

Partim iam supra, III, pr. 2 §§ 5-19.

Repetitio eorum quae supra, II, pr. 5-7.

III. pr.8. Summarium dictorum de falsis bonis.
pr.9. His homines separant iungenda. Vera beatitudo horum iunctio.
pr.10. Vera beatitudo in Deo.
Corollarium triplex: pr.10, §§17-18: Beatitudo est ipsa Diuinitas.
§§19-29: Beatitudo una, ad quam cetera referuntur.
pr.11: Bonum et unum sunt idem.

IV. Quibus Gubernaculis Mundus regitur

Libri III pr.12 sanatur tertius error (ignorantia regiminis mundi)
III. pr.12. Omnia regit Deus sua bonitate. Ad Deum redeunt omnia.

V. Improbi non sunt felices.

Libri IV pr.1-4 sanatur quartus error (prauos esse felices). Primum soluitur error a priore, negata possibilitate. Hic ulterius refutatur error 2. (de fine rerum)
IV. pr.1. Reuera puniuntur uitia, uirtus praemiatur.
pr.2. Probi potentes, impotentes praui,
pr.3. Boni fiunt dii, praui bestiae,
pr.4. Improbi quo potentiores esse uidentur, eo infeliciores sunt.

VI. Defensio Prouidentiae.

Lib. IV pr.5 - Lib. V pr.6, ultima pars, adprobat Prouidentiam.
Scil. manet obiectio a posteriori, e specie felicitatis prauorum. Haec demum soluitur; simul Boethii tertius error ulterius refutatur (de regimine mundi).
[3. Boethius non derelictus a Prouidentia]
IV. pr.5. Boethius quaerit cur confundantur praemia et poenae.
pr.6. Summa eorum quae sequentur, nempe: de simplicitate Prouidentiae, de fato, de Casu, de Dei Scientia ac Praedestinatione, de Libero arbitrio (§3)
§5. Haec exponit Philosophia 'uelut ab alio orsa principio'.
§§6-17. De Prouidentia + fato,
§§18-37. Iterum Philosophia monstrat bonos uere felices, prauos infelices.
§§38-40. Homines inscrutabilem Prouidentiam non comprehendunt.
pr.7. Nulla fortuna est mala.
V. pr.1. Casus non est.
pr.2. Homines sunt liberi,
pr.3. Libertas subest Prouidentiae.
Pr.4-6. Concordat Libertas cum Prouidentia, nam:
pr.4. Omnis scientia commensa facultati scientis,
pr.5. Modus sciendi diuinus nostro superior;
pr.6. Quaecumque fient adsunt Deo.
§37. Exhortatio finalis.

d'être,' 'à son insu' or 'quam primum.' The use of such phrases or of any tags or aphorisms in a foreign tongue he thought affected as of one who wished to notify his linguistic powers. It never occurred to him that this condemnation of a common usage, however indefensible, might appear even more affected!

But he went further. He had an intense dislike for all foreign words that crept into use disguised as English. In his book on ceremonies a 'bugia' becomes a hand-candle, 'predella' a foot-pace, and 'antependium' is rejected for frontal. In fact he would stop at nothing to purify English of such words. 'Above all,' he wrote in the preface to that same volume, 'a book should be written in one language at a time. In this case the language is English.' It never occurred to him that it was of the very genius of English to impound foreign words unblushingly. Nor did he stop to reflect that his avoidance of usual terms might seem angular and stilted. Here, as in other matters, he saw a principle very clearly and with a truly Latin pertinacity, unmindful of the English love of compromise, carried it out logically to the very end. It was the same with his rules for the pronunciation of Latin. They were excellent, no doubt, but unusual. He could not compromise with traditional usage. In fact he could not compromise in that or in anything. What he saw seemed to him self-evident and he was wholly dominated by his convictions. And we may add, not without a smile of affectionate understanding, that however he braved it out, he was not altogether displeased to be singular.

When he preached the manner which we have described was but slightly adapted. It was not for him to attempt persuasive eloquence, though it often came; not for him to deal in any purely philosophic or theological way with the deeper aspects of ascetical teaching. He would describe the liturgy of the Church, the lives of the saints, great struggles in the history of Christianity and all the wealth

of her dogmatic teaching. Then, on occasion, he would recreate the part and with half-closed eyes speak almost as a seer. All that he had to say of asceticism would be refracted through the life of some person or some historical incident. As a rule there ran throughout his preaching the same unflinching directness, the same tone of authority, the same intensity of conviction and the same mastery of the language of exposition. Adrian was a born teacher and when he preached he taught.

§ 4

THE SCHOLAR

IT is extraordinarily difficult, if not impossible, within the narrow compass of a few words to do justice to any genius. And Adrian was a man of such high attainment and of such breadth of interest that he may rightly be styled a genius. He knew so much, knew it so well, and loved the knowledge whole-heartedly. It was said long ago that we men *become* what we really know at least in the moment of vision. This was indeed true in the case of Adrian, who delivered himself of his knowledge as an artist 'stung by the splendour of a sudden thought' gives us his vision of true beauty. He simply poured out his soul as he told men of what he at once knew and loved.

In addition to insight, the power to put his finger on the very pulse and heart of things, Adrian had an extraordinarily wide range of interests. Nor was any one of these interests casual. Most people would have considered his interest in any one of these things a life's hobby: with the intense and restless Adrian it was different. Not only 'multum' but 'multa' he must know and indeed nothing that he ever attempted in the way of literature, art or history was ever casual.

He loved particularly the study of the East; was fascinated by the languages, customs and religions of the orientals; was an enthusiastic admirer of the Bâb, whose story he had collected reverently from first-hand sources. He knew the origin and history of the Eastern Churches as few in England, and has left three volumes which fittingly commemorate his devoted interest and wide knowledge. He gave many years to the study of Church History, of which he was so noble and sometimes so inspiring a master, and has left several smaller volumes, particularly *Donatism* and *The Early Papacy*, which have been highly praised. He read the Fathers of the Church with joy and understanding, having a special regard for St Augustine and St Jerome. He loved and read the classics, particularly Plato and Virgil, on whose works he gave many a memorable discourse at Letchworth. His early education in the classics had been defective. He therefore had the joy of discovering the great masters for himself at a time when to a boy's enthusiasm he could add a man's mature and disciplined sense of beauty. He was a specialist in Dante, whom he loved supremely. Indeed his Dante notebooks are a joy to peruse and to possess. The interleaved notes, the occasional illuminations, the little maps in colour or in black and white are done with the perfection almost of a miniature and the volume of the *Paradiso* closes with a singularly beautiful drawing of the Rosa coelestis. Dante had kindled his enthusiastic devotion early in life and Dante, as ever, had led out and beyond the Divina Commedia to splendid vistas of history, art and literature. Dante had led him to Virgil and Plato. Dante, too, led him to Boethius, to whose *De Consolatione Philosophiae* he gave the last years of his life. His edition of the *De Consolatione Philosophiae*, with its careful and even minute Latin notes, will, it is hoped, be acclaimed as definitive.

And as we speak of literature it might be well to add straightway that Adrian knew French, German and

Italian literature well, knowing and speaking these languages at least as well as his own. He certainly knew ancient French literature much better than its English counterpart. He read English widely and even omnivorously, but in these fields he was never at home. His reading had been too casual and too feverish. On the other hand, his power of writing old French, old German and old Italian bore splendid testimony to his close study of these languages. It is rare enough for any man to command one language as well as did Adrian any one of the three, French, German or Italian.

He was, too, a keen scholar of the Roman Liturgy. He wrote on the Mass and wished for nothing better than to devote some time to a study of the Breviary. Indeed the offices of the Church, their history and significance, exerted a strange fascination over his mind. He loved their virtue of magnificence, their wistfulness and their splendour. His book on ceremonies, on the other hand, was written not to express any abiding interest but to secure a much-needed hundred pounds. He certainly loved his little illustrations in *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite* more than all the lengthy accounts and necessarily cumbrous descriptions of ceremonies which in actuality sometimes go as smoothly as the waters of Shiloah. He was too a devoted student of hymnody, metre and of the ancient Latin hymns of the Church of which he edited for the use of his congregation at St Hugh a very attractive volume. He loved and knew all the better Church music of earlier days, as one may see from many glorious scrolls of music written superbly. In the same notable collection of music one may find some very beautiful and restrained compositions of his own. They are instinct with that austere beauty which Adrian required by his nature for the service of God.

It seems as if this catalogue were never-ending; yet we have left to the close something in which he excelled. He

designed beautifully and was particularly happy in designs of architecture. Beautiful coloured drawings of Beauvais and Chartres, for instance, show with what fineness of vision, with what sympathy and understanding of form, line and composition he looked at master buildings. He sketched with great ease and painted delightfully as many note-books of travel show. Even to those who knew his unusual artistic gifts the collection of his sketch-books at a recent exhibition came with a certain newness and surprise. He was perhaps at his best in heraldic drawings, as many a coat and many a delightful book-plate testify. He was, of course, a herald of no mean attainment, rejoicing in that study along his usual broad European lines. Heraldry in fact gave him intense joy by reason, it may be, of its certain mysteriousness, concision and beauty. When he drew a coat of arms therefore it was done with almost indescribable delicacy of feeling. A notable feature too was the lettering of the motto. This he would do with the skill of the most accomplished draughtsman and artist. Indeed he could write in many different styles and rejoice both the eye and the mind by each. Again it would be easy for the discerning eye of any connoisseur of men to read much of Adrian's character in these wonderful scripts and letterings. But why analyse things of such striking beauty?

Wide-flung and intensely human as were all his interests, they embraced no science and little philosophy. He had studied philosophy in Rome, where he had taken his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. There had followed in his mind a reaction against metaphysic and a consuming desire to collect historical fact. For years philosophy was laid aside. Later he began again to read St Thomas for the light which the *Summae* of that doctor cast upon Dante. Later still his study of Boethius led him back across the fascinating heights of the history of philosophy. He was developing an undoubted love for just this kind of history

at the end. But for philosophy proper and particularly for any formal presentation of its problems he cared very little. For natural science, physical or biological, he cared literally nothing. He had never been taught anything of any importance in these domains and remained delightfully uninitiated into all the problems of physics and physiology. These too were uncanny regions and Adrian in his heart was never quite sure that they were suitable knowledge for a gentleman. He was quite sure that they were not quite nice. In any case they were vast, silent, unknown regions. His genius lay elsewhere. Art, literature, poetry, history, the convictions of men, the march of civilisation, the infancy, growth, vicissitudes, liturgy, Mass of the Catholic Church—these were his abiding interests. There was a fine, broad, inclusive range in Adrian's genius.

How was it all done in the short space of twenty-eight or thirty years of manhood? Those who did not know Adrian Fortescue's temperamental intensity will scarcely think the achievement possible or they may ascribe this brief recital to the partiality of a friend. They will not know the ceaseless energy, the amazing, unremitting enthusiasm, and the long, close hours of patient study which he devoted to his work. He could often pack into one day what others might hope to achieve in a week. It has been said that foreign scholars study for longer hours and that their English fellows work with greater concentration. Adrian increased the foreign number of hours and sometimes redoubled the English concentration. He thought at a white-heat which would have consumed a man of delicate frame. How he managed to live at such pressure must remain the secret of temperament, character and nervous constitution. In any case he treated a splendid constitution mercilessly in his craving for knowledge and his pursuit of scholarship.

§ 5

THE RACONTEUR

NO account of Adrian Fortescue would be of value without some reference to his vivid sense of humour, his inimitable stories, his hearty, boyish laugh and his mimicry. He was seen at his very best in talking to friends, when all the restraints of learning and the unimpassioned presentation of facts would be cast to the four winds. He would exaggerate splendidly, embroider with great artistic skill and warming to his task would thoroughly enjoy the sense of expression and expansion. As his quick mind rushed along, language would never fail until he and his companions were left choked and helpless with laughter. Much of the laughter was caused by his boisterous fun; some of it by the rare and accomplished invective of which he was undoubtedly a past grand-master; and not a little by the delicate rapier-thrusts with which his conversation bristled. Adrian was a wonderful talker. The variety was unlimited, repetition was unknown, the quality was excellent, and the supply unfailing.

In the writer's rooms he has sat for many hours with a little group of intimate friends telling the most impossible stories, mimicking the broken speech of an Arab, the singing of Russian plain-song, imitating the poise of a statue on a tomb, reporting imaginary conversation between the apostles and evangelists, or what not, until we sometimes grew frightened that our peals of laughter might arouse the whole college and even wake the dead. We often said good-night, later than need be, our eyes still streaming with tears of merriment. Can anyone who heard it ever forget the silvery cadence of Adrian's happy irresponsible laughter as one pushed through 'the iron-gate' to play with him 'in the fields of Heaven'? Since

we were boys planning some mischief invested with all the splendour and romance of boyish imagination that little group of friends has never laughed so heartily as at Adrian's irresistible stories. His visits to St Edmund's College therefore had something of the quality of mountain breezes which bring with them health, joy of life and happy laughter. Many of the stories, if told, would seem dull without the incessant play of his features, the arch look, the roguish smile, the flashing eye, the voice which in its elation lost its minor note, and the mouth that never could keep still. One would miss too that intensity of manner, that abandoned concentration on the caprice of the moment which brought the effective and unexpected word or phrase in the very nick of time. And, let it not seem like a dull repetition, one would miss the joyous ring of Adrian's laughter. One or two stories must, however, be attempted.

An acquaintance met him at X. He had recently been converted, if the truth must be told without offence, to Theosophy. The new creed meant much to the neophyte. 'My life, sir, is wholly different. I have found calm and happiness, all I wanted and a lot more.' 'What has made the difference?' asked Adrian. 'Sir, it is impossible to describe; it must be lived.' 'Yes! but look! three weeks ago you didn't believe this. Now you do. What in the world do you believe now that has made all this difference?' asked Adrian, whose curiosity was genuinely aroused. The question was repeated in numerous ways but only gained for answer: 'Sir, it is impossible to say.' Finally, rather exasperated, Adrian said: 'Here, I say! Tell me one thing that you believe in! Go on! Say something, man.'

Very reverently and with a voice almost choked with emotion the neophyte made answer: 'Sir...I believe—I believe...I believe in the oneness of the one.' 'That's nothing,' said Adrian quick as lightning, 'I believe in the sixness of the half-dozen.'...

On another occasion he was induced to go to a semi-religious meeting that shall be nameless. He put in an appearance of course in the characteristic German Inverness coat with the little hood, looking as though he had just strolled over a mountain in Saxony or Lower Austria. Everyone was in full evening dress at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and Adrian was shown to a place in the second row by two flunkeys in magnificent uniform with much gold braid—'like a Schweizerhof footman.' He put his hat under the seat, felt very small and tried to look smaller as unfriendly eyes looked enquiringly at the guest without a wedding garment. 'Divine service, or whatever they called it, began with a piano solo executed in good style and I thought there might be something in the religion.' 'Then a fellow in a dress suit went to the middle of the stage, and in a "here endeth the first lesson" sort of voice said he would recite the Our Father with the usual commentaries. I waited appalled as I heard the different phrases of the Our Father followed by the sloppiest commentaries imaginable. He got as far as "Hallowed be Thy Name" and added "Hallowed, magnificent, resplendent, high above the Heaven, broad across the world," when I began to feel very ill. I had always had a sneaking regard for the Lord's Prayer and I found this performance disgusting. Swiftly and stealthily I took my hat and bent double glided down the central gangway. At the door two flunkeys stood on guard. "None may leave the Temple during Divine Service." "Man," I said, "let me out." "None may leave until the service is completed." "Man," I said, "I am about to vomit." Then the door was swung open and I found myself in God's light and air.'...

We give but one more. 'When we were students together in Rome, old AB now Bishop of X—fancy him a Bishop!—and I went together to ——. It was dreadfully hot in August, so we went down to the river, took off our

togs and dived in for a swim. The water was warm and buoyant and the current delightfully strong, and we stayed in the deuce of a time. After a long bathe and much splashing we thought we had better get out, when—lo and behold!—we had forgotten the current and found ourselves washed down half-way through Umbria! Tip-top! But what about our clothes? No chance of swimming up-stream—might as well have tried to swim up a waterfall! So we got out and decided to walk. River banks are not kind to your bare ten toes. After a while, exhausted with the heat and fatigue, we lay down under a hedge and slept, there wasn't a soul anywhere and we could continue our journey more decently in the dark. Imagine my dismay on finding someone poking my side with a sword and on blinking up saw two carabinieri. One went on poking and remarked with terrifying gravity, "costume proibito." We both blushed from head to foot. Perhaps you don't know that this happens. Well! it does. Old AB, now a Bishop, blushed properly all over. There followed voluminous explanations. Then the carabinieri, after taking council, decided to lend us their military cloaks and to give us a lift on horseback behind them to find our clothes. We cantered for miles upon miles and finally reached the spot. Down we slid and struggled gaily into vests and clothes. Finally came the Roman collar and cassock. Then one of the carabinieri turning saw the Roman collar and throwing up his arms to Heaven complained in awe-stricken voice: "Madonna santissima: sono preti."'...

There were wonderful caricatures of Roman University examinations, stories of sermons heard in Italy, with mimicry, laughter and fun everywhere.

'From being a Confessor-non-Pontiff,' he wrote from hospital in Beirut to a distinguished Prelate after a severe scrap with Bedouins just after Easter, 'I am about to become one Martyr in Paschal-time.' And he whiled away

εὐχὴ κατὰ πολέμων

ΝΗCΘΗΤΙ Κύριε ἐν τῇ βασι=
=λείᾳ σου τῶν δούλων σου τῶν
ὑπὲρ τῆς ἐπικουρήσεως ἡμῶν
πάντοτε κινδυνευόντων ἀδελ=
=φῶν ἡμῶν. Τοὺς μὲν ἰσχυροὺς αὔξησον ἀνά=
=σχες δὲ τοὺς ἀσθενοῦντας· παράκλησιν πο=
=νουμένους, κεκμηκότας ἀνάψυξον· τοὺς πέ=
=σοντας ἀνάστασον ὅπου ἐπισκοπεῖ τὸ φῶς
τοῦ προσώπου σου. Ἔτι δεόμεθά σου δέσπο=
=τα ἐλεήμων καὶ φιλάνθρωπε ὑπὲρ πάν=
=των τῶν ἀστατούντων καὶ χηρῶν καὶ ὑπὲρ
τῶν ἐπὶ μαχομένοις νοσοῦσι τρωθεῖσιν
ἀφαντιζομένοις ἀλγούντων. Καὶ ποίησον ἡ=
=μας διὰ παντὸς ἐκείνοις χάριν εἰδέναι τοῖς
ἀδελφοῖς ὅσοι ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν ὀδύνην μοχθή=
=ματα ἀπορίαν διακαρτεροῦσιν, καὶ αὐτοῦ
τοῦ βίου τὴν τελευτήν. Τοίνυν τῇ σῇ χάριτι ἑ=
=αυτοὺς καὶ ἀλλήλους καὶ πᾶσαν τὴν ζωὴν
ἡμῶν παρεθέμεθα ἀθάνατε βασιλεῦ πάτερ
ἡμῶν ὁ κύριος σαβαὼθ ὁ ἐπινίκιος, ὅτι σοῦ
ἐστὶ τὸ κράτος καὶ ἡ δύναμις καὶ ἡ δόξα με=
=τὰ τοῦ μονογενοῦς σου υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ ζωο=
=ποιοῦ σου πνεύματος νῦν καὶ ἀεὶ καὶ εἰς
τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων. ἀμήν.

the time in hospital by writing the complete proper of an office in honour of this one Martyr, to wit, himself, Blessed Adrian Fortescue. His stories about this office, its hymns, antiphons and responsories, were among his best. He kept the hymns and antiphons for a long time. He even added a hymn in English for the prospective pilgrims who might prefer the vernacular. It was splendid doggerel.

This was Adrian at his very best with all his extraordinary zest for life.

§ 6

THE PRIEST

THERE are a few delightful little sketches of the small Adrian Fortescue which good fortune has preserved. One is of a very diminutive person who carried Cardinal Manning's train at the opening of the Church at Haverstock Hill. Another is of a small, fair-headed boy who loved Church Ceremonies. At High Mass, during the long sermon, he would fall peacefully asleep in the fold of his mother's arm. A third is of a precocious reverend little boy who always wanted 'to say Mass,' and 'to hear confessions.' A sister would be chosen as server and the same sister would be made solemnly to go to confession each Saturday evening as the baby Adrian sat judicially on the staircase. She must have a penance as well as absolution, and habitually she was told that for her penance she 'must take no second helping of pudding.' We quote these as tiny vignettes and also as a little indication of the bent of a young mind.

Adrian Fortescue was intensely catholic. He was of extremely generous disposition, one who gave his time and service with utmost willingness to his friends. It was natural for such a one to give himself wholly to his God.

He was too above all things a teacher. If we add that his supreme interest was religion, as his written and spoken words bear ample testimony, we can see that it was natural that he should be a priest. Not that he always found the life easy. But can a difficult life ever be made easy? Would it be worth while if it could? Where would be the sacrifice if there were no rough ways to be made plain, and no winding zig-zag paths up mountain sides to be pursued under the pitiless sun or through chilling mists? And does any life worth living ever run smoothly throughout its course until the waters mingle with the sea?

After ordination he had hoped to be recognised as a scholar and to receive an appointment as professor in one or other of our theological colleges. As no such appointment was made, Adrian felt resentful and embittered at finding himself entrusted merely with a country parish. Recognition would have done his sensitive soul good. He never realised that a bishop may think it the greatest kindness in the world to allow a man of Adrian's character and scholarship to make his own way and to mould his own life. After filling several curacies, Adrian undertook to found a mission at Letchworth. It was not an easy task, and the work at first was not congenial, as Adrian felt lost outside the learned world. But he grew to love it and in later years it was difficult to lure him away from his retreat at St Hugh. Whether he found the work congenial or not made little difference: it was always done thoroughly. Everything that a parish priest could do, and many things that few could naturally conceive or accomplish were done devotedly for many years. He grew to be very proud of his austere and beautiful little church of St Hugh, which gradually took the place in his heart and life of a miniature cathedral or basilica. He trained a choir, taught the congregation to sing the common of the Mass, catechised the children, visited the sick and tended his little flock with extraordinary zeal and with greater tenderness of heart

than the granite-like features of his mask sometimes showed. The poor, the sick and the downcast had a sympathetic listener and a large-hearted generous friend in the person of Adrian, who always found it easier to share sorrow than joy. And in few parishes in all Europe have the faithful been so well, so clearly and so comprehensively instructed in their religion, their liturgy, the lives of their saints and in all that concerns the worship of God.

It all looked very neat at St Hugh and Adrian spoke of it as if it were the Basilica of the Patriarchate of Rivalis Villa (Letchworth). He never spoke of the drudgery which any unassisted parish priest must face, nor of the long valuable hours which were spent in doing little trifling things in church and sacristy. Drudgery is never delightful, and to a man of Adrian's strain and temperament with his passion for economising time, it must sometimes have been unusually distasteful. Nor did he refer at all to his financial difficulties which sometimes pressed very hard. Often he wrote furiously in weekly and monthly reviews for the sake of the guineas so much needed for the upkeep of St Hugh. It was all done quietly, just as all the responsibility was borne bravely by one to whom the very language of finance and administration was almost the one unknown tongue.

There are just a few remaining things that must be recorded. Adrian chose to be buried at Letchworth among his own parishioners, and asked that his memorial card should bear the picture of the 'Good Shepherd.' As 'that which drew from out the boundless deep turned again home' his work at Letchworth grew to be a source of unending consolation. He knew that his people were praying incessantly for his recovery and from their constant enquiries and hurried little visits at the hospital he knew that he was loved by his flock. He must often have smiled to himself as he lay apparently recovering from his operation, to think how much he would have missed if his first

dreams of professorship, with canonries and purple to follow, had come true.

We know little or nothing of ourselves and we know little of what may really satisfy our deeper nature. But in the clear vision that is granted to those who face Death and Eternity bravely, Adrian would, we think, have agreed that it was his faithful at Letchworth who knew more of the real man than others. If this be true then it was not the readers of his learned volumes which were sometimes so angular and dogmatic in tone; it was not the students who drew inspiration from his powerful graphic lectures, but the little group at Letchworth, who, looking to him as priest and prophet too and friend, knew most of the strange but real and fascinating Adrian Fortescue. He had the heart and the mind of a priest. It was the priest who just before he left Letchworth, as he well knew to meet his death, turned and bade good-bye to his little church, and silently kissed the altar-stone on which he had so frequently offered Mass. His from the outset was a life of unusual promise. We like to think that in his life as a priest that promise was fulfilled.

One word and we have finished. He was very English in his reticence, very Roman in his logic, rather French in his occasional outbursts of candour, very German in his restless passion for hunting facts, European and sometimes Eastern in his linguistic powers, but ever catholic and always a priest in his heart and mind and wide-flung sympathy. Those who knew the real man may scarce hope to meet his like again.

§ 7

THE FRIEND

SO far the man, the writer, the speaker, the scholar, the raconteur, the priest; but we would conclude with a word of the friend. Adrian had a genius for friendship. His friendship was not by any means like a placid stream wandering with quiet strength through the plains. It was more like a torrent or a mountain stream in its force and changefulness. He either knew people at once or never, and in his friendships was chivalrous, appreciative, blunt, direct. He knew well how to rejoice with friends in their joys, but by temperament and habit of mind he was better fitted to share their sorrows. He did not tender advice in moments of difficulty nor in all probability would such advice have been very practical. But a hint at some sorrow or real distress secured from him at once a responsive depth of feeling and a fullness of understanding and sympathy. The value of such intensity of response, so rarely experienced, it would be difficult to express. Here was a man who counted no cost, who suffered intensely in sympathy, who gave himself mind and heart not only to his books, but also to his friends whom he loved deeply in his own boyish, capricious way. His was indeed a genius for friendship.

We will not unravel further nor pry deeper. We have said all that may easily be recorded on paper. All the relevant dates and facts of Adrian Fortescue's life will be found in the appendix. They speak for themselves and need no commentary. Certain letters of his indeed might have been added, but after reading all that could readily be collected we concluded that his best letters were both too intimate and too personal for publication.—Boyish

caprices and boyish outbursts of candour might look strangely out of keeping in unresponsive print. Besides Adrian in correspondence with intimate friends was no respecter of persons, and what he wrote he could, as ever, express with a certain violence. For the rest the heart prompts many things that must remain unwritten; for the heart has reasons for its silences. Let then these few words suffice, if may be, to preserve the memory of one of the most distinguished, chivalrous and lovable of men.

PRAE OMNIBVS VERITAS
LIBER
IOHANNIS G. VANCE

A PERSONAL MEMOIR

§ 8

A PERSONAL MEMOIR

IN a sense I feel that it is almost presumptuous in me to write of Adrian Fortescue, for I knew him not nor had ever seen him until he was within five years of his death. We were kinsmen, it is true, being descended from two brothers, Adrian from the elder, Henry, Chief Justice of Ireland, and I from the younger, John, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in England. But these two brothers were born between 1390 and 1395, and during the intervening centuries Adrian's branch had wandered far from mine. Nevertheless when at last we did meet, we passed very rapidly from friendship through intimacy to a very deep affection, certainly on my side, and I believe also upon his. Kinship beyond doubt made the progress easy. We bore the same name and had inherited in some measure the same tradition. Though the family had made no prominent mark upon English history yet, in a humble fashion, it had played its part and done its duty, earning respect at least within the limits of a county. Therefore, in a modest way, Adrian and I were proud of it; and I was especially proud that it had produced a man so remarkably gifted as Adrian.

A second bond of union was that both of us had devoted the best years of our lives to historical research. Our provinces were wide as the poles apart, his being the ecclesiastical and mine the military; but the experience of each of us, so far as I could gather, had been much the same. We had both of us begun with rather superficial work, had realised a little later, with hideous misgivings, how superficial it was, and had then settled down to dig deep and to labour in earnest. The trials and the difficulties, the tempting easy paths, the real rugged ways, the obstacles,

the stumbling blocks, the little triumphs and the galling failures are much the same in nature, however they may differ in kind, in every branch of historical research. Though both of us had written much, we dared not count ourselves more than students; and each of us, speaking of his work, knew that he was understood by the other.

Our lives in general had, of course, been utterly different. Both of us had travelled far, but Adrian's knowledge of Europe was beyond all comparison greater than mine, and I have never seen Greece nor any part of the Turkish Empire. On the other hand I had had a peep at two ancient civilisations in Egypt and in India, I had been obliged to study the history of our Indian Empire, and I had lived for some years in the new world of the Colonies. Thus, I could give Adrian a little in exchange for his vast stores of knowledge, and that little of a description new to him. Moreover there were some of the ways of the world of which his ignorance was delightfully child-like; and, since his curiosity was insatiable and his sense of the ridiculous very keen, one could learn a good deal of the man from the nature of his questions. Upon our too short intercourse, therefore, I venture to write these few lines about him.

First and foremost Adrian was a man, a stoutly built, full-blooded man, of great physical and muscular strength and of true manly virtue in the old classical sense. Twice at least he had fought for his life. On one occasion he was engaged in a hand to hand struggle with some fanatical Albanian soldiers at Hebron. It seems that he had nothing but his own imprudence to thank for this affray; but it was a part of his nature to take such risks, not, I fancy, without a secret hope that they might end in a 'row.' From Hebron he escaped with his collar-bone smashed by a blow from the butt of a rifle, which narrowly missed his head; for he and his companions managed to fight their way with bludgeons to their horses, and to gallop

WINIFRED
FORTESCUE

away. A gallop along a rough track with a broken collar-bone is a painful matter, but none the less Adrian enjoyed his combat immensely. He had drunk delight of battle with his peers and in his heart would not have been averse from repeating the draught.

On the second occasion the caravan with which he was travelling in Asia Minor was attacked by brigands, and in self-defence he killed an assailant with a pistol-shot. When the danger was past he was, as he told me, violently sick. Missile-action had evidently not the same lure for him as shock-action, which called into play all the quickness of eye, the activity of body and the strength of muscle that are the joy of the true man.

Had Adrian been brought up at one or other of the great public schools and followed the usual course at Oxford or Cambridge, he would probably have been remembered for some feat of daring, foolhardy or even foolish, it is likely enough, but still of daring. As it was, he accomplished nothing more startling than to toboggan down the steps of Innsbrück University. I always feel a tinge of regret that he was not educated under the shadow of Winchester Cathedral or of St George's Chapel. The genius of either place would have laid hold upon him; and, while on the one hand he would doubtless have won every prize and scholarship open to him, he would in any race or game have run or rowed or played until he dropped; for it was a part of the man never to give in. Had he entered the military profession, he would not have found it uncongenial, at any rate upon active service, for he was by nature a fighting man.

Fate ordained that his career should be of a very different kind. Judging him as I knew him, I should say that, next to his manliness, Adrian was above all things an artist. The close collocation of the two natures may seen startling, but the very greatest artists have always been essentially sane and manly. Leonardo da Vinci was the best horseman,

among other things, of his time, devoted as careful study to the anatomy of the horse as of the human body, and devoted at least some part of his marvellous life to the devising of mechanical engines of war. Adrian was, I repeat, above all things an artist, and he possessed in supreme measure the gift without which no artist can become great, the gift of intense and unremitting labour. When Mendelssohn, after playing the organ to an audience in London, was asked by a foolish listener how he accomplished such marvels of execution, he answered almost savagely 'By hard practice.' Brilliant as was Adrian's intellect, he won such mastery as he attained in any art by sheer hard labour with his own hand and his own brain. Whether he held a reed-pen or a drawing pencil, whether he were seeking out a quotation or wrestling with a crabbed passage, he brought to bear upon his task a concentrated intensity of attention such as I have never seen equalled. He was by far the most perfectly self-trained and self-disciplined workman that I have ever met.

In what province then was his artistic sense to find expression? He was, as we know, an historical writer, a lecturer, a calligrapher, a musician, no mean painter in water colour, and skilled alike in heraldic design and in the form and drapery of vestments. In fact he had studied, not superficially, a good many of the arts. Yet, greatly owing to the nature of his profession, he chose the spoken and the written word as the outlet for the power that was in him. But for this, my own feeling is that it would have found fuller and more congenial expression in the work of an architect. Even as things were he possessed far greater knowledge of the grandest of the arts than most amateurs. Of his innumerable drawings the best, in his own judgement and that of his friends, is one of the cathedral of Chartres viewed from a distance over a maze of roofs. Nowhere, not even in the drawings of Antonio Canal or of Paul Sandby, have I observed greater delight in the grace

and beauty of man's greatest handiwork than in this sketch. Sometimes my imagination has pictured Adrian struggling with the designs and construction of some great building that was to be his masterpiece, and dying (as he infallibly would have died) of exhaustion when it was completed.

However, it was not to be, and he fell back upon words, spoken and written, which were not (as I venture to think) the best and happiest medium of expression for him. This is not to say that in conversation (I had never the good fortune to hear him preach or lecture) he could not convey his meaning with admirable clearness, force and indeed eloquence; but I never observed in him, at any rate in his native tongue, the spontaneous grace and felicity of phrase, the fondness for harmonious sound and just cadence, which are the heritage of the true artist in language. Every writer and speaker, of course, passes through many stages before he forms his final style; and it may well be that Adrian brought his characteristic powers of self-repression and self-restraint to bear upon his speech and writings. But a man, in whom felicity and epigram lie latent, can never wholly conceal them in conversation; and since they were not forthcoming from Adrian I conclude that they were not there. In any case his maturer work—the work by which he will be judged—is marked by extreme austerity. The matter is to be everything, the manner nothing. The language must be correct and clear; those who run may read; but there is no occasion to charm those into reading who are disinclined to run. He seldom permits even his sense of humour to reveal itself. Once, indeed, when narrating how the Greeks plied the crusaders with sham relics at ridiculous prices, he adds the terse comment 'These western men were incredibly gullible'; but such light touches are rare, too rare, with Adrian.

As to the value of the matter itself I am incompetent to judge, and am content to accept the favourable verdict of critics of great learning in the same province. But I

have had some experience of the handling of great masses of material, and herein I salute Adrian as a master. The arrangement of his subject—by far the most difficult thing in the art of historical writing—is admirable. The reader is introduced to his subject without a superfluous word, and is led through the course of the matter with a directness that seems obvious and inevitable, little guessing how much he owes for the ease and plainness of his way to the tact and artistic sense of his guide. Next, Adrian is governed by the artist's love of perfect proportion; and this to him must have signified the most rigid self-discipline. Every historian is tempted to wander in little by-ways, observing details which are very interesting and amusing, but not very important. Now Adrian loved such little by-ways, particularly if some mystery were attached to them. He had, for instance, devoured all the literature concerning Louis XVII of France. But in his historical work he never allows such details to obtrude themselves. Next, he is an honest worker. He never shirks a difficulty nor neglects even the obscurest corner of the field legitimately covered by his subject. If he finds a problem insoluble, he says so; if, after all possible examination, he remains in doubt, he confesses it. To me, his mature writings convey the impression above all of self-restraint, of a pen that, but for a very tight rein and a very severe curb, might run a headlong and erratic career, but is subdued by an iron hand, itself controlled by a very strongly disciplined will. In these days when foolish persons conceive that originality lies in conceits of phrase and language, Adrian's style, concealing as it does the excellence of the arrangement and proportion, is wholesome and refreshing. I feel in reading it that he held two things above all in detestation, namely, affectation and scamped work. The cynical may say, in the accepted phrase, that his books are better to steal from than to read; and if this means that they are of greater value to teach than to give pleasure, I do not think

that Adrian would have interpreted it otherwise than as a compliment.

The fact, however, remains that, in my judgement, words were not the right medium of expression for Adrian's artistic sense. The spoken word is little apart from the personality of the speaker. Setting aside the New Testament, we set little store by the spoken words of the dead. Socrates and Dr Johnson are excepted from the common lot, but they were so fortunate as to find a Plato and a Boswell; and if Boswells are uncommon, even rarer are Platos. There were moments when Adrian's feelings poured themselves out in beautiful language, both in prose and verse; and, in proof, I print the accompanying letter:

ST HUGH · LETCHWORTH · HERTS.

.....I had a wonderful experience this morning. Unwilling I had to get another man to do my business here. I went away from my own church and my music and rode my bicycle a long way, to say Mass in a prisoners' camp. I did so in the attic of a granary, so badly lit that I could scarcely read the missal. The Catholic Germans had rigged up an altar of planks and thrown their blankets over it. They had made absurd bouquets of wild flowers, buttercups and dandelions and things, and put them in mugs. I heard their confessions, and said Mass, and preached, and gave them Communion. The whole thing fetched me enormously. When I think about the war on big lines, I eat fire, as every Englishman does; and I want Mr Hohenzollern (and especially Mr Hohenzollern Jun.) to be—hanged. But there was no feeling of that kind this morning. It was like the catacombs —the low dark spaces and the rows of those nice peasants, Bavarians, Westphalians, Rheinlanders, kneeling on the ground all round their rough altar. A flood of old memories came with a rush as I talked to them in that beautiful dear language. It is a dear language to me in spite of all. I did nearly all my University in Austria and Germany (after

Rome)—nine solid years, and the best nine years of my life (21 to 30), in which I was practically a German among Germans. At one time I spoke German far more easily than any other language. Now all that has faded. For years I have hardly used German in speaking at all, always Flemish. This morning I was back in the days when I said Mass at Innsbrück, and the morning light shone on the great white mountains. They sang the old hymns I have not heard for years—all day since the tune of 'Hier liegt vor deiner Majestät' has been sounding in my head. Even the little German tricks of the man who served Mass and his funny German pronunciation of Latin brought back memories of Feri and Karel and dear Ernö and all those old friends with whom I used to chatter and climb mountains and argue. They are all lost to me now. I suppose they hate every Englishman like poison. Then I talked a bit to my prisoners and said I hoped they would soon be back in their own homes. So I came out into the bright sunlight and passed the barbed wire and the sentry—and I was in England again. It was like crossing a frontier, and about 15 years in a moment. This evening, as they were singing Compline, I heard the tune of 'Hier liegt vor deiner Majestät' all the time, and the sound of cow-bells. I sat in my place by the altar, and looked out of the window at the evening light, and wondered if that light were shining with alp-glow on the Tirol mountains as it used to. When I began to preach to my own people it was an effort not to start in German.....

SUNDAY · 18 MAY 1919

This is true and moving; but not many of Adrian's letters are suitable for publication. There was that within him which demanded other outlet than words, and could find none. Had he been endowed with poetic genius in proportion to his intellect, he might have been content with words, for he would have been a really great poet. But he was not; and we find him ranging through the

fields of music, drawing and calligraphy—this last the one art left to Islam—seeking rest and finding none.

Looked at in this aspect, Adrian's life seems to me something of a tragedy, though to all outward seeming it was successful enough. He was an historical writer whose work, at any rate in certain fields, is excellent and of permanent value. He was a teacher not only of profound learning but of such charm that he commanded alike the attention and the affection of his pupils. He was a parish-priest who laboured without stint for his flock, and was certainly rewarded by their devotion. And, finally, he stood in the very first rank in the matter of calligraphy and heraldic design. This was his work done, quite apart from the learning that he had acquired; and few other men could have achieved it. Possibly his sensitive fastidious nature had cravings which nothing would have satisfied. In this case, the more honour to him for the rigid self-discipline which kept him so splendidly faithful to his high calling. It was eminently characteristic of him that, having once taken holy orders, he proceeded to explore to their utmost depths, not merely the history of the church, but the origin and meaning of every ceremony, down to its minutest accessories, that formed part of his sacred office. He had undertaken certain work and that high work. He would not consider himself qualified to do it until he had learned all that was to be learned concerning it. To me the most memorable thing in Adrian is not his intellectual power, not his versatility, amazing though both of them were, but his noble sense of duty, and his steadfast endeavour never to fall short of the lofty standard which he had erected for himself.

No man is perfect; and Adrian had his caprices, prejudices, and impatiences which were not always calculated to endear him to his fellows or to do justice to himself. They were occasionally interpreted as arrogant assumption of superiority and were resented accordingly; but this

interpretation, though not unnatural, was wrong. Men of remarkable gifts are apt to judge the talents of others by their own. Macaulay, who, like Adrian, was never at a great public school, reckoned that what he knew in his school-days was known to every schoolboy, and was quite innocently intolerant of grown men who fell short of that knowledge. The same was in great measure true of Adrian; but both men knew far too much not to be acutely sensible of the range of their own ignorance. I have spoken above of Adrian's ignorance as in some instances almost child-like; and there is no denying the fact that sometimes he behaved not merely as a child but as a naughty child. But if his petulance were child-like, so also was his repentance—deep, heartfelt and overwhelming—and it was just this that made Adrian so peculiarly lovable.

As I have already said, I never knew him until he was approaching forty-five years of age, the period at which the majority of men make the very unpleasant discovery that they are no longer nineteen. Adrian, needless to say, resolutely refused to admit anything of the kind, would acknowledge no decline of physical strength at forty-five or at any other age, and went on as usual. He would lecture early in the morning at St Edmund's College, perhaps more than once, rush from thence to the British Museum, and toil there intensely for hours, all without a scrap of food, having pledged himself to dine with us. Happily I had at hand an emissary who could control him, and that emissary used to remove him from the Museum, quite exhausted, feed him, and bring him up, more or less restored, to dinner. It could only be a question of time before he broke down; and, with the experience of superior age, I begged him to spare himself a little, warning him that what was to be dreaded was not death but disability. In December he wrote that twenty minutes with a specialist in Harley Street had changed the whole world for him. He must submit to an operation which might mean death,

and if not, must mean disability. For a time, he wrote, he wandered about the neighbouring streets, idly watching the bustle of the Christmas sales and 'listening to the splash of the ferryman's oars'; and then he went home to face his fate alone.

Few can realise what he suffered during the ensuing weeks in the long suspense between disability and death, not only from physical pain, which he felt so acutely as to surprise the surgeons, but even more from the humiliation of a strong man, helpless and brought low. On Sunday the 11th of February I saw him in hospital, and he told me that he was to quit his bed for the first time on the morrow. So it seemed that his portion was to be disability; and I endeavoured to hearten him by quoting instances, known to me, of men who, in the like case, had recovered and had done good work. At four o'clock I left him; and at eight I received a message that he was dead. It was almost a relief to hear that the hideous spectre of disability had been banished, even though only through the coming of the angel of death.

He had looked for this crowning mercy, and had so ordained everything for the last rite of all that he seemed in person to preside over it. And on the walls of Adrian's little church, writ large in the beautiful capitals which were his delight, I read the words from Solomon's prayer that welcome all worshippers:

Quicumque oraverit in loco isto, exaudi de habitaculo tuo, id est, de coelis, et propitiare.

JOHN W. FORTESCUE

APPENDIX I

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL DATES AND FACTS

APPENDIX I

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL DATES AND FACTS

EARLY YEARS

1874, Jan. 14. *Born.*

1877, Aug. 18. His father died, aged 61.
He was Edward Bowles Knottesford Fortescue, M.A., of Alvestone Manor, Stratford-on-Avon, formerly Provost of St Ninian's, Perth. He had been received into the Church in 1871. (There is a memorial chapel with his arms and a fine inscription in the Dominican Church at Haverstock Hill.)

1877. When he was about 3 years old, his mother went to live at 40, Park Rd (present Parkhill Rd), Haverstock Hill.

1883–5. He went to the Jesuit Preparatory School at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Easter, 1885. He went to St Charles' College, Bayswater—Upper First Form.

1886, Dec. 6. His mother died. She was Gertrude Mary Knottesford Fortescue—née Robins.

1891, Oct. *Enters Scots' College, Rome.*
There he was Organist. Before this he was much interested in music and drawing.

1892, July. Bachelor of Philosophy at Rome.
In the holidays he had drawing lessons and studied German. Did much drawing in cathedral cities, etc.

1894. In his 3rd year at Scots' College, began reading Dante and arranged for his entry at Innsbrück University, Faculty of Theology, in following autumn.

1894, June 25. Ph.D. at Rome.

1894, Oct. 2. Entered Theological College (Convikt) at Innsbrück.
Spent holidays walking, climbing and drawing in Bavaria, Tirol and N. Italy with fellow-students. Brought some of them to England sight-seeing in London, cathedral cities, etc., or for boating on the Thames, etc. Also had many sketching tours in France and England.

1896, July 16. Received Tonsure and four Minor Orders at Darmstadt from Bp Paul Haffner.

N.B. The following is a scheme of work set out by him about this date:

PLAN OF STUDY IN FREE-TIME

Jan. 1896–July 1896:	Modern Greek.
Vacations 1896:	Classical and Modern Greek grammar.
Oct. 1896–July 1897:	Greek: Italian.
Vacations 1897:	Hungarian.
Oct. 1897–July 1898:	Hungarian.
Vacations 1898:	Sanscrit.
Oct. 1898–July 1899:	Sanscrit.
Vacations 1899:	Sanscrit.
Oct. 1899–July 1900:	Icelandic.
Vacations 1900:	Icelandic: Old English.

If God spares me.

1897, July 18. *Ordained Subdeacon* at Brixen.
1897, July 22. *Ordained Deacon* at Brixen.
1898, March 27. Passion Sunday.
Ordained Priest at Brixen by Simon, Prince Bp of Brixen.
1898, April 10. Easter Sunday. *Sang his first Mass* at 11 a.m. in the Jesuit Church, Wimbledon.
1898, April 11. Said his second Mass in the family chapel at Haverstock Hill, for the souls of his parents.
1898, April 29. Returned to study at Innsbrück.
1898, Oct. 26. Back at Innsbrück. Preparation for Final Examination in Moral Theology.
1899, Feb. 28. Passed First Doctor's examination in Moral Theology.
1899, May 8. Passed Second Doctor's examination, Dogma.
After this, he was sent about to various churches in Tirol, preaching, hearing confessions and officiating generally.
1899, July 17. Left Innsbrück after his five years' course.
Spent summer travelling in Hungary with two fellow-students.
1899, Sept. 29. Saw Cardinal Vaughan at Mill Hill and accepts appointment to *German Church, Whitechapel.*

1899, Dec. 14. Began writing lessons—attending Mr E. Johnston's class on Thursday evenings at L.C.C. School of Arts and Crafts.

1900, May 7. Began writing up Church History notes.

1900, July. Began studying Hungarian again. Also Arabic and Canon Law.

1900, Nov. 9. Left German Church, Whitechapel. *Appointed to Walthamstow* and resided at 3, Comely Bank Road.

1901. Looking forward to his next Final Examination at Innsbrück, he determined to study nothing else but Church History, Canon Law and Arabic until this is passed.

1901, June 17. *Appointed Rector to St Helen's, Chipping Ongar, Essex.*

1901, Sept. 18. Says good-bye to his old home, 18, Darlaston Road, Wimbledon. Here his aunt lived for many years. She brought him up after his mother's death.

1902, May 26–27. To Innsbrück.

1902, May 28. Passed Final Examination in Church History and Canon Law.

1902, May 30. Passed Final Examination in Arabic.

1902, June 7. Back at Ongar. Begins working for Final Test in Bible and Hebrew.

1902, Nov. 28. Resigned Ongar, unable to bear the expense of the Mission. Went to *St James', Colchester*, as curate.

1903, Feb. 26. Left Colchester and returned to *German Church, Whitechapel*, remaining as curate until P.S.M. Fathers took over the German Church.

1903, Aug. 24. *Appointed to Enfield* during absence of Fr. O'Gorman.

1904, April 7. *Appointed to Witham*, Essex, during Canon Tuke's absence for six months.

1904, Oct. 1. *Appointed to Maldon*, Essex. Reads for his Final Examination for D.D.

1905, March 15–April 8. Wrote treatise on St John's authorship of the fourth gospel, for his Doctorate at the suggestion of Fr. L. Fonck, S.J., of Innsbrück.

1905, June 6–7. To Innsbrück.

1905, June 8. Final Doctoral Examination in Biblical Science. He passed in Semitic languages with great distinction —a rare achievement.

1905, June 10. Proceeded to the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

1905, July 1. Back at Maldon, studying Arabic. Began his book on the Orthodox Eastern Church.
1906. Revised Arabic grammar. Busy planning a stay at Beirut and began to write articles for *Catholic Encyclopaedia.*
1906, June 21. Applied for one year's leave of absence to study in Syria.
1906, July 13. Finished writing *The Orthodox Eastern Church.*
1906, Oct. 1. Left Maldon and travelled east.
1906, Oct. 22–1907, July 20. At Université S. Joseph, Beirut, Syria.
1906, Dec. 20–1907, Jan. 7. Spent holidays at Cyprus.

1907

Jan. 28. His aunt, Miss Katharine Gertrude Mary Robins, died at Florence, aged 69. Buried at San Miniato.
March 26–April 22. At Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc.
June 3–July 15. In Galilee, Samaria, Asia Minor.
July 27–Aug. 5. At Athens.
Aug. 16–31. At Constantinople.
Sept. 1–11. Through Dalmatia.
Sept. 11–23. At Venice, Florence, Milan, Paris.
Sept. 23–Nov. 29. In London.
Nov. 29. *Appointed to Letchworth.*
Nov. 30. First Sunday in Advent. Said Mass at Letchworth for first time. Lived in lodgings. Mass said in some sheds near railway line.

1908

Wrote articles for *Catholic Encyclopaedia.* At work also on his book, *The Greek Fathers.* Began to form and train a choir. Wrote pamphlet on *The Correct Pronunciation of Latin.* Studied Arabic every evening.
Mar. 3. Lectured at Imperial Institute on *The Eastern Schism* for the Anglo-Russian Literary Society.
May 15. Arranged for site of his new church at Letchworth.
May 16. Began writing his book on *The Mass.*
May 29. Workmen begin digging site of new church.
June 21. He blessed the first stone of the new church.
Aug. 30. Last Sunday Mass in the sheds.

1908 (continued)

Sept. 6. *Blessing of new church* by Bp of Amycla. High Mass—celebrant Dr Fortescue, Deacon Fr. Charles Newdigate, S.J., Subdeacon Fr. J. Athill of Hitchin. Sermon by the Bishop.
Afterwards Byzantine Liturgy: celebrant, the Archimandrite Arsenius 'Atiyeh—Dr Fortescue sang the responses.

Sept. 12. He arranged celebration of Liturgy of St John Chrysostom in Westminster Cathedral during the Eucharistic Congress.

Dec. 24. Matins recited in St Hugh, Letchworth—followed by Midnight Mass.

1909

Jan. 31. Compline sung for first time at St Hugh, Letchworth.

Feb. 15. *Moves into new house—St Hugh, Letchworth.*

March. Began pamphlet on *Eastern Churches* for C.T.S. Wrote articles for *Catholic Encyclopaedia*. Trained his choir.

April. All Holy Week services, including Tenebrae, carried out at St Hugh.

Aug.–Sept. Took a month's holiday in Holland and Germany.

Dec. 24. Matins sung at St Hugh, Letchworth, followed by sung Midnight Mass.

1910

Jan. 20. He bought the organ for St Hugh, Letchworth.

Feb. 12. Lectured at Letchworth on Mohammed.

March 10. Lectured at Cambridge on *The Liturgy and Apostolic Constitution of the Church in the first three centuries.*

March 19. Lectured at Letchworth on *The Religion of Islam.* Wrote articles for *Tablet* and an account of Consecration of Churches in the Byzantine Rite for a booklet to be published when the Cathedral is consecrated.

Sept. Holiday in Holland and Germany.

Nov. Began regular weekly Dante Readings in Letchworth, first at the Newdigates' house—later, at Mrs Allen's. [These went on down to Christmas 1922, with little interruption.]

Nov. 20. Lectured at Letchworth on *Monasticism.*

1911

Wrote articles for *Tablet*, *Catholic Encyclopaedia*, Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, Dom Cabrol's *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie*. Worked at Arabic and Greek in the evenings. Continued his book on *The Mass*. Began *The Lesser Eastern Churches*. Revised *The Orthodox Eastern Church* for its third edition. Began teaching French at the Letchworth Boys' Club—a session of 6 months each winter. Much instruction of converts.

April 8. The new ciborium, erected in St Hugh, is blessed.

1912

Worked at Syriac. Began a private class in German at Letchworth. Compiled the *Latin Hymns* for use in St Hugh. Finished *The Lesser Eastern Churches*. Again taught French at the Letchworth Boys' Club. In Sept. had a holiday in Normandy. Wrote much music for his choir, including the Russian settings for Responsories at Christmas Matins. Gave many lectures. Instructed many converts.

1913

Jan. Preached at St James', Spanish Place, on Sunday evenings.

Feb. 3–March 7. Holiday in Rome and Sicily. His last until 1922.

April 24. Public Debate at Howard Hall, Letchworth, on Esperanto.

May. Preached at St James', Spanish Place, on Sunday evenings. Revised *The Mass* for second edition.

May 20. Lectured at Caxton Hall, London, on *The Eastern Church in its Relation to the West.*

July. Began drawing illustrations for book, *The Lesser Eastern Churches.*

Sept.–Oct. Resumed French and Italian classes at his own house.

Nov. Preached at the Cathedral on Sunday mornings and at Spanish Place in the evenings.

Nov. 12. Lectured at Letchworth to the Men's Club on *John the Presbyter.*

Dec. 2. Lectured at Hitchin for the Debating Society on *Moslem History.* Wrote many articles for *Tablet.*

1914

Feb. Arranged to drop French class but to continue German and Italian classes at Letchworth.

Feb. 12. Lectured at Howard Hall, Letchworth, on *The Philosophy of St Thomas.*

Feb. 18–21. Wrote pamphlet, *The Formula of Hormisdas*, for C.T.S.

Feb. 25. Wrote *Parce Domine* in four parts for his choir.

June 20. Designed inscription for Cardinal Gasquet. Worked at Syriac. Wrote articles for *Tablet* and for Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.*

Oct. 28. Lectured at Letchworth on *The Dual Monarchy.* Designed vestments, etc., for St Hugh, Letchworth.

1915

Studied Flemish and Syriac.

Jan. 8. Lectured at Letchworth on *Science and Faith.* Began book *The Uniate Churches.*

March 10. Lectured at Letchworth on *The Alphabet.*

April. Wrote *The Russian Church* for *Studies.*

May. Began *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite.*

June. Preached at Warwick Street, W. on *The Organization of the Church in the First Three Centuries.* Compiled *Vespers for Sunday* for C.T.S.

Sept. Revised English Missal for Burns and Oates' new edition. Wrote articles for *Tablet.* Designed vestments, etc., for his church.

Oct. 16. Lectured at Hitchin on *The Mormons in Utah.*

Nov. 2. Lectured at St Edmund's to the Divines on *Religion and Politics in the Balkans.*

Nov. Preached at Spanish Place, Sunday mornings. In his own church he preached in English, Flemish and French until late in the year when a Belgian priest was sent to help with the Belgian refugees.

1916

Mar. 7. Preached at St Dominic's, Haverstock Hill, on The Feast of St Thomas Aquinas.

Mar. 20. Wrote Introduction *Concerning Hymns* for Mr McDougall's *Pange Lingua.*

1916 (continued)

April. Worked at *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite*. Also wrote his *Organ Book* for the Church at St Hugh and articles for *Studies* and *Tablet*.

May 31. Lectured at Howard Hall, Letchworth, on *Christianity and War*.

Oct. 26. Lectured at St Edmund's to the Divines on *The Italo-Greeks*.

Nov. 29. Lectured at Letchworth Men's Club on *Roumania*.

1917

Studied Syriac and Greek. Wrote articles for *Tablet* and *Dublin Review*.

May 2. Lectured at Cambridge, St Edmund's House, on *The Italo-Greeks*. Worked at his books *The Uniate Churches*, *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite*.

Nov.–Dec. Revised, corrected and annotated MS. for the late W. C. Bishop on *The Nestorians*.

1918

Wrote articles for *Tablet*. Composed settings of Propers of the Mass for his choir. Rearranged all Holy Week part-music for women's voices of his war-time choir.

Feb. 14. Lectured at St Edmund's College on *The Ukraine*.

Feb. 27. Gave the same lecture at Letchworth Men's Club. Studied Syriac and Greek. Began reading Hebrew with neighbouring clergymen.

Sept.–Oct. Revised *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite* for its second edition.

Oct. 14. Lectured at Letchworth, The Wesley Guild, on *The Slavs*.

Nov. 14. Lectured at Letchworth Men's Club on *Socrates*.

Nov. 19. Lectured at London, St Thomas of Canterbury (Anglican) Society, on *The Uniate Churches*.

1919

Feb. 4. Lectured at St Edmund's to the Divines on *Flags*. Studied Hebrew and Syriac.

1919 (continued)

April 1. Began preparing a new edition of Boethius: *De Cons. Phil.*

July 7. Preached at the Cathedral on the feast of Sts Cyril and Methodius. Made *Consultor of Congregation Pro Ecclesia Orientali.*

July–Aug. Accepted *Professorship of Church History at St Edmund's College.*

Oct. 29. Lectured at Letchworth Men's Club on *Boethius.*

1920

Jan. Revised *The Early Papacy.*

Feb. 11. Lectured at the request of Dr W. E. Orchard in the Hall of King's Weigh House on *The Essence of the Catholic Religion.*

March. Began revising and editing MS. of Jean Maspero's *Histoire des Patriarches d'Alexandrie.*

March 18. Lectured at Letchworth Theosophical School on *The Life of Dante.* Designed bookplates, lettering, etc.

Oct. 4. Lectured at Letchworth, Howard Hall, *On Learning Languages.*

Dec. 30. Sent Maspero MS. to Paris—completely edited.

1921

Jan. 12. Lectured at Letchworth Men's Club on Charles III [*The Young Pretender*].

Feb. 14. Lectured at Letchworth, The Wesley Guild, on *Christianity in the Roman Empire before the time of Constantine.*

March 31–April. Lectured at Letchworth, Howard Hall, on *Religion and Philosophy in the Roman Empire* (A course of five lectures. Unlike previous lectures, admission paid for.)

June. Lectured at Letchworth, Howard Hall, for the Book Club's Dante Centenary Celebration. (A course of four lectures. Again admission paid for.)

June–Sept. At Letchworth he read *Minucius Felix* with his Dante class.

Oct. 10. Lectured at Hitchin, Wesley Guild, on *Christ and Plato.*

1921 (continued)

Nov. 15. Lectured at Letchworth, for the League of Nations, on *Austria-Hungary*. Worked at Boethius. Studied Greek. Taught German regularly at St Edmund's to the Divines. Instructed many converts at Letchworth.

1922

Jan. 10. Lectured at Letchworth, for the League of Nations, on *Turkey*.

Feb.–March. Lectured at Letchworth, Howard Hall, on *The Death of the Gods*. (A series of six lectures; admission paid for.)

August. Holiday in Bavaria and Tirol. Worked at Boethius and on the Church of Malabar for *Cambridge History of India*, vol. II.

Nov. Designed and drew bookplates.

Nov. 22. Lectured at St Edmund's to the Divines on *Mormonism*.

Dec. 11. Lectured at London, St Thomas' Hist. Soc. (now The Lingard Society), on *Boethius*.

Dec. 20. Saw Dr Fiddian.

Dec. 21. Saw Sir Charles Gordon Watson.

Dec. 31. Preached his last sermon at St Hugh on *Christ our Friend and Comforter*.

1923

Jan. 3. Left Letchworth for Dollis Hill.

Jan. 5. First operation.

Jan. 23. Second operation.

Feb. 11. Died. R.I.P.

APPENDIX II

ADRIAN FORTESCUE'S LITERARY WORK

APPENDIX II

ADRIAN FORTESCUE'S LITERARY WORK

The Greek Fathers. (London Catholic Truth Society.) 1908.
The Orthodox Eastern Church. (C.T.S.) 3rd edition, 1908.
The Liturgy of St John Chrysostom. (C.T.S.) 1908.
Preface to the *Roman Missal.* (Burns & Oates.) 1920.
Thomae a Kempis De Imitatione Christi *libri quattuor quos denuo recognouit Adrianus a Fortiscuto Presbyter ritus Latini.* (Methuen.) 1919.
The Mass: a Study of the Roman Liturgy. (Longmans.) 1912.
La Messe. (French translation of the above by A. Boudinhon.) Paris, 1920.
The Lesser Eastern Churches. (C.T.S.) 1913.
Essay *Concerning Hymns* prefixed to *Pange Lingua* by A. G. McDougall. (Burns & Oates.) 1916.
Essay on *The Rites of Holy Week* prefixed to *The Holy Week Book.* (Burns & Oates.) 1916.
Donatism. (Burns & Oates.) 1917.
The Early Papacy. (Burns & Oates.) 1920.
The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite described by Adrian Fortescue with designs by the author. (Burns & Oates.) 3rd edition, 1920.
Latin Hymns. (Printed by Miss M. Newdigate.) Reprinted, 1924.
Papers on *The Eastern Schism* and on *Americanism* in *Folia Fugitiva* edited by Rev. W. H. Cologan. (Washbourne.) 1907.
Histoire des Patriarches d'Alexandrie par Jean Maspero, revu et publié par Adrian Fortescue et Gaston Wiet. Paris, École des Hautes Études. (Champion.) 1923.

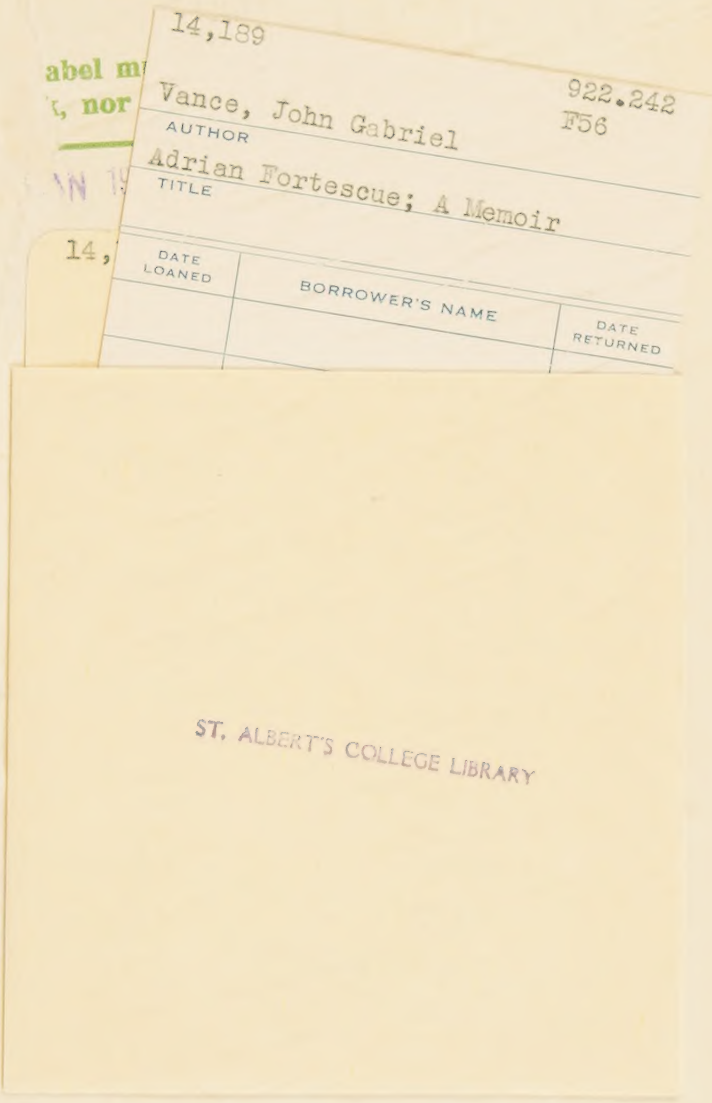
PAMPHLETS

How to Pronounce Latin. Letchworth, 1908.
Rome and Constantinople. March, 1908. (C.T.S.)
The Eastern Churches. April, 1909.
Pope Gregory VII. June, 1909.
The Branch Theory. July, 1910.
An Anglican on Reunion. October, 1910.

The Vestments of the Roman Rite. February, 1912.
Compline for Sunday. 1914.
The Formula of Hormisdas. February, 1914.
Russia and the Catholic Church. June, 1915.
Vespers for Sunday. 1915.
Mass in time of War. 1915.
Pacifism. September, 1916.
The Date of the Anglican Schism. January, 1917.
Catholic because Roman Catholic. August, 1917.

In addition there were numerous reviews and articles written for periodical publications in England and abroad on widely diverse subjects: Heraldry, Mormonism, Dante, Orientalia, Anglican Controversy, Biblical Criticism, Liturgical Studies.

CAMBRIDGE: PRINTED BY W. LEWIS AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS


14,189

922.242
F56

Vance, John Gabriel
AUTHOR

Adrian Fortescue; A Memoir
TITLE

DATE LOANED | BORROWER'S NAME | DATE RETURNED

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY